

THE GOLDEN GLOVES' 11621-6.5 41

GARLAND,

Containing a Choice Collection of

New Songs, 41

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THE GOLDEN GLOVE'S GARLAND.

The Golden Glove.

A Wealthy young 'squire of Tanworth we hear
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair,
And for to marry her it was his intent;
All friends and relations had given their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,
A young farmer was chosen the father to be;
As soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
It inflamed her heart, O my heart she did cry.

She turn'd from the 'squire, and nothing she said,
Instead of being married she went to her bed,
The thoughts of the farmer still run in her mind,
The way for to have him she soon then did find.

Coat, waistcoat and breeches, she then did put
on,
And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun,
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she loved him so well.

She often times fired but nothing she kill'd,
At length the young farmer came into the field,
Then for to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun for to meet him she went

I thought you had been at the wedding she cry'd,
To wait on the 'squire to give him his bride,
No, sir, says the farmer if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away for I love her so well.

Suppose that the lady should grant you her love,
You know that the 'squire your rival will prove,
O! then, says the farmer, I'll take sword in hand:
By honour I'll gain her, or my life's at command.

It pleased the lady to hear him so bold,
And she gave him a glove that was flower'd with
gold;

She told him she found it in coming along,
As she was a hunting with dog and with gun.

The lady went home with her heart full of love,
And she gave out the speech that she had lost her
glove,

And he that does find it and brings it to me,
The man that does find it his bride I will be.

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the
news,

With a heart full of joy to the lady he goes;

Dear honoured lady I have pick'd up a glove,

If you will be pleased to grant me your love.

It is already granted I will be your bride,

I love the sweet breath of a farmer she cry'd;

I'll be mistress of the dairy, and milking the cow,

While my jolly brisk farmer is whistling at the plow.

And when they were married she told of the fun,
How she hunted the farmer with her dog and her
gun,

And now I have got him so fast in my snare,

I'll enjoy him for ever I vow and declare.

The Sequel to Poor Jack

WHAT cheer my dear Poll didn't I tell you as how,
That perhaps I should laughing come back,

Now you plainly perceive that my words are come true,

So accept a salute from Poor Jack;

My heart's rigg'd with truth and my honesty's tight,

Not a stripe of false colours I wear,

The compass of love has directed me right,

To be bless'd with the charms of my fair,

So I see that the Chaplain may splice us in one,

Let me steer thee to Hymen's kind shore,

For Jack is resolv'd until that shall be done,
To depart from his Polly no more.

Let your fine courtly lubbers palaver and boast,
Who ne'er sailed on sincerity's main,
Let them courtly skulk upon flattery's coast,
Such lubberly swabs I disdain;
It ne'er shall be said that Jack was to learn
How to guard such a comfort as you,
Do you think I'll crowd canvas and drop you a stern,
No, shiver my jib if I do;
So now my dear girl let me take thee in tow,
Since again I'm safe anchor'd on shore,
For Jack is resolv'd until that shall be done,
To depart from his Polly no more.

Let the mild breeze of virtue still waft thee through life,
By the helm of constancy steer,
Nor the rocks, nor the shoals, nor the quick sands of strife,
Start the plank if you ever need fear;
Canst thou why I should mind that sweet little youth,
Sit smiling on watch up above:
Can the tempest of fate snap the cable of truth,
Or drag from the anchor of love:
So coil up your doubts my dear charmer, nor think
To be wretched on misfortune's shore,
Should adversity bind us, together we'll sink,
And ne'er to depart any more.

O my shipmates remember our Chaplain would say
On his log book he preach'd to us oft.
There's a mighty Commander whom all must obey,
That will order good christians aloft;
Then avast my dear swab the lights of your face,
Don't let sniv'ling your pleasure annoy,
For my timbers don't like such squals to take place,
On thy smooth lovely bosom of joy;
Bear a hand my dear girl to the current of bliss,
Let me steer thee to Hymen's kind shore,
For until we are marry'd depend upon this,
I'll depart from my Polly no more.

A CALL TO BRITONS.

WHEN Frenchmen insult us, and make it their boast
 Their legions destructive to land on our coast,
 To plunder our Cities, our Commerce to seize,
 To force Briton's life to obey their decrees.

O Unite ye brave Britons, ye strangers to fear,
 And prove you inherit
 Your Forefathers spirit
 That never will crouch at the foot of Monsieur.

Ye Sons of corruption, ye base venal tribe,
 Who your Country would sell, for a Pension or bribe;
 Your av'rice renounce and atone for what's past,
 Or vengeance delay'd may o'ertake you at last.

O Unite, &c.

You turbulent Spirits, by faction misled,
 To betray the dear Country in which you were bred;
 Shall Britain be given to Frenchmen a prey;
 Be form'd in departments, their mandates obey?

O Unite, &c.

And shall her fam'd Navy, her bulwark and boast,
 That thunders defiance on each hostile coast,
 Be given up tamely, a prey to proud France,
 To aid their ambition, their conquests advance;

O Unite, &c.

If we shrink; at their call then our purses must yield,
 Requisitions will empty each warehouse and Field,
 Our youth dragg'd away at the directory's call,
 Must serve in the Wars other states to enthrall.

O Unite, &c.

Then Briton's unite and stand firm in the cause,
 In defence of our King, Constitution and Laws,
 Our Religion, our Country and every thing dear,
 And let all the world see you're a match for Monsieur.
 O Unite, &c.

O Dear what can the matter be.

O Dear what can the matter be,
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 Johnny's so long at the fair,
 He promis'd to buy me a pair of blue stockings,
 A pair of new garters that cost him but twopence,
 He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
 To tie up my bonny brown hair.

O dear what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 O dear what can the matter be?
 Johnny's so long at the fair,
 He promis'd to buy me a basket of posies,
 A garland of lillies, a garland of roses,
 A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons,
 To tie up my bonny brown hair.

O dear, see how he's running?
 O dear, see how he's running?
 Dear, dear, see how he's running,
 Johnny's return'd from the fair,
 He has brought me a delicate basket of posies,
 A garland of lillies, a garland of roses,
 A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons,
 To tie up my bonny brown hair.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

AS I was walking myself on the shore,
The winds they were high, and the billows did roar;
With the noise of the waves and the waters all round,
I heard a sad voice, with a sorrowful sound;—

*Crying, Ab! ab! ab! my lover's dead,
Now he is dead whom I adore,
And never, O never, shall see him more.*

I wander'd a while still, and listen'd to hear,
A further account of the loss of her dear,
It pierced my heart as I heard her complain,
That now she should never behold him again:—

*Crying, Ab! ab! ab! my love's dead,
There is not a bell, but a tortoise-shell,
For to ring, to ring, to ring, my love's knell.*

I mention her beauty so charming and bright,
Still as I review'd her, she dazzled my sight,
I question'd if she was a mortal or no,
But that she cry'd out as her tears they did flow.

The greatest of passion that I beheld,
Appear'd in this creature, no doubt she was fill'd
With sorrow, which cannot in words be express'd,
For as often she cry'd, she beat on her breast.

A more charming creature sure never was seen,
She had a face like an Angel, her robes like a queen,
She had a voice like a syren, her eyes like a dove,
And all that she mourn'd was the loss of her love.

My dearest he lies in his watery grave,
And nothing to shew for his tomb but a wave:
I will kiss his sweet lips than the coral more red,
And close up his eyes that have been so long dead.

I will go to my dearest that lies in the deep,
 And in my embraces my dearest shall sleep:
 We'll court the dolphins together in throng,
 With chariots of shells to convey us along.

The Mermaids as mourners they shall likewise attend,
 At the funeral rites of my departed friend,
 That by their assistance we may be convey'd
 To some hollow rock, where we both shall be laid.

To recal him to life ah! what would I give?
 But he's gone, and alas! 'tis no pleasure to live,
 I'm fully perswaded that he died for my sake,
 I will go to him in a watery lake.

But just as she spoke she was casting herself
 From the top of a rock on a dangerous shelf;
 But straight I ran to her, and sav'd her from death,
 But still she reply'd with a terrible breath.

When I by good fortune had saved her life,
 I took her home likewise, and made her my wife.
 I chear'd up her spirits, and crown'd her with bliss,
 Then where is the harm of such fortune as this?

*Though, though, though, her love is dead,
 And happens to dwell in a watery cell,
 Yet now lives both right happy and well.*

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